

Are You Feeling That Way? by JustinStar, RigorMorton

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Summary:

Jonathan Byers has no clue the reason his enemy, (the smooth talking, messy haired yuppie), Steve Harrington gives him such Hell, is because he likes him.

However, after a confrontation in the bathroom at the school dance, he soon finds out.

Steve's feelings come to light, and the two share a kiss (to one of Journey's greatest songs), and the two are left to dwell on the events that have just taken place, till they meet (alone) again.

Are You Feeling That Way?

Author's Note:

I roleplayed this with my co-author JustinStar. I played Steve and he Jonathan.

This is our first fic in this fandom. I hope you guys enjoy and if you haven't heard the song, the two kiss to, Feeling That Way/Anytime by Journey, you really should before reading. Link here
https://m.youtube.com/?#/watch?v=_OOUY1Z_XOQ

Enjoy :) P.S. this symbol ~ indicates song lyrics. This mobile version won't let me use italics.

Steve puts his cigarette back up to his lips, taking a long blissful drag - the cool menthol coats his throat and calms his nerves.

He should be inside the school dance, with his lovely date Nancy, instead of sitting on a lunch bench outs it. But it's been a crazy week and the confused teen has had a lot on his mind lately. Well....more like a particular person. Jonathan Byers, the school weirdo - an anti social hermit that nobody knows much about. He's always alone, fiddling with that stupid camera.

Steve can't figure out why he's so obsessed with that creep. He's messy and awkward and.....so dreamy.

The yuppie highschooler has gotten himself into a mess as of lately. He's dating Nancy Wheeler, who worships the ground he walks on, but unfortunately Steve's dating her for the wrong reasons. The one he really wants, is the other boy who likes her - the awkward loner he hasn't been able to get out of his head for a week straight.

He couldn't stand the thought of watching Jonathan with Nancy, so somewhere in Steve's twisted mind, he thought it would be a good idea to date her so she couldn't have Jonathan. Steve is not the most logical person, that's for sure. He's too hasty and impulsive. Now he's

up a creek without a paddle.

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Jonathan Byers's week hasn't been so easy either. Poor Jonathan's been put through the ringer, as well as his single mother Joyce.

After going through Hell and back, his brother, Will is back from the Upside Down, and things should be looking up for Jonathan and his family, but it's not really that simple.

His deadbeat dad is trying to be in his life, and now his mother has become a total smother after what happened to Will, and Jonathan can barely go to the bathroom without her hovering.

Not to mention, he lost the girl - the girl he had bonded so closely with during his time of grief, Nancy.

She had gone through a lot with him with the loss of her best friend Barb, and the poor girl actually went into the Upside Down and was almost eaten.

However, at the end of the day, she chose to be with Steve Harrington - that rich, yuppie douche with the messy hair. Not that Jonathan's hair is really well kept either. But at least it hangs down and doesn't look like it's about to fall off his head. He chuckles slightly at the thought.

The reclusive teen, does understand why she chose Steve though. He's handsome, popular, and rich. Everything Jonathan isn't.

Steve is who he wish he could be. It's clear to him how happy Nancy is with him, and Jonathan wants that too. Steve's a real dreamboat when he's not being an asshole.

Now the school dance is here, and he's a little sad, he couldn't take Nancy. The wallflower had spent his day locked up in his room, and listening to The Clash, trying to come to terms with just staying friends.

Of course he's at the dance, because he's been asked to take pictures at the dance for the yearbook. He's excited for the opportunity, but it won't be easy having to watch Steve and Nancy together. He knows he'll have to grin and bear it.

As he stands in front of the school bathroom mirror, the boy slips his camera around his neck and gives himself another quick glance. Poor Jonathan didn't have anything formal to wear for the occasion. Just a blue plaid button up and his nicest pair of jeans. Considering he doesn't even have a date, and is just there as the photographer, his attire probably won't really matter.

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Steve takes another puff of his grit, savoring the last bits of its cooling taste. There's nothing like those last few puffs when the cigarette's almost gone and the cherry burns bright and hot, illuminating your face - the taste extra potent, and sometimes you get that light headed feeling.

His eyes close as the heat kisses the side of his fingers, and releases the smoke slowly, before pressing the butt into the bottom of his shoe.

As he clears his throat and starts to adjust the collar of his shirt, he spots Jonathan on the dance floor with Nancy. They're both smiling and Nancy's giggling about something.

Steve's mouth falls open and his blood is boiling. He was hoping to see Jonathan tonight, but not flirting with a girl. HIS girl, no less.

"Oh, fuck no." The yuppie teen pounds his fist into his palm, and storms back inside.

It's a little crowded on that dance floor, and Steve has to physically push his way through the crowd - boys, girls, it doesn't matter. He's a man on a mission.

Of course he gets a few "Hey, man. What's your problem?" From a few of the random faces, but Steve can't possibly care less.

He walks right up to the dancing pair, grabbing Jonathan by the

collar, and jerking him away from Nancy.

"Byers... we need to have a little chat." Steve grits out, dragging the other boy toward the exit.

Nancy's left standing there with her mouth hanging open. "Steve? What the Hell?" She scoffs, but he pays her no mind. Just gives her a dismissive wave, continuing to force the other boy to the exit.

Jonathan sighs, trying to push the other away. "Hey man, let go!!! Its a dance! I was asking her for a dance, since you left her alone you prick!!" He growls back as he's practically dragged off the dance floor.

'Oh great. Another fucking argument with wethead.' He thinks to himself. "Hey man, chill out, alright? You left her alone, she looked sad, all I wanted was a dance."

"You're getting to be a real pain in my ass, Byers." Steve drags the other boy down the hall.

He keeps his grip around Jonathan's collar, even though the kid is going on his own, though hesitantly.

The hot headed teen kicks the bathroom door open and pulls a confused Jonathan in with him.

The door closes behind them, and Steve shoves the other against a stall door, eliciting a painful grunt from Jonathan.

"You just can't stay away, can you? You like getting your ass kicked or what?"

It takes everything inside Steve, not to break down and start declaring his feelings in the heat of the moment.

To much matters worse, or more difficult that is, the song changes over to Feeling That Way by Journey. 'Of all the songs.'

~Opened my eyes to a new kind of way. All the good times that you

saved. Are you feeling...you feeling that way too? Or am I just....am I just a fool?~

He's so frustrated. Jonathan looks so meek and adorable. Steve just wants to hug him instead of rough him up, but he has to keep up appearances. Although, his emotions are so high, he's teetering on the edge of his own self control.

"Man just let me go, alright?? I have pictures to take and you're holding me up over asking your girlfriend, who was by herself while you were outside smoking by the way, to dance at a dance. Are you kidding me?" Jonathan replies angrily.

"Why are you so jealous of me, Steve? I'm not much competition."

Steve sucks in a breath, letting go of the other boy's collar. He throws his hands up in frustration, and runs his fingers through those messy brown locks, turning his back on Jonathan. He pauses for a moment, the songs lyrics ringing in his ears.

~A new road's waiting. You touched my life. Soft and warm on a summer's night. You're the only one, I told you. The only one I loved. The only one I'm thinking of.~

He clenches his fists, before swinging back around on the ball of his heels.

"Dammit, Byers! Don't you fucking get it? I'm not jealous of you, dumbass! I'm jealous of Nancy!"

Steve immediately regrets his outburst. 'Fuck'

Jonathan is thoroughly confused at this point. He can't tell what's going on, especially with Steve being jealous of Nancy.

"Uh, alright man. Look, I get pot is great and all, but I think you needed to cut back before the dance. Because you sound stoned out." He chuckles, knowing now is not the time.

"If you're over this, I have pictures to take. And you have a girlfriend who's standing by herself, yet again, while you sit here and babble at me about whatever. So, you done?"

Steve gulps realizing it may not be too late to get out of this. It seems, Jonathan doesn't quite understand what he meant.....or did he? Maybe he just feels too awkward and is playing dumb to avoid the weird tension.

The conflicted teen has a choice. He can walk away now, knowing that most likely the other boy is aware of what he meant and maybe never get a chance to resolve it again, or he can hit this head on. It's not like Byers is gonna tell anyone, and even if he does, nobody will believe him.

The worst that can happen is Jonathan will make a disgust face and run out of the bathroom screaming. Not that that's a good scenario. Steve would be pretty torn up, but at least he'd have it off his chest, and only one other person would know.

The smug yuppie puts his palm on the stall door, that Jonathan has his back against, and takes a deep breath, mustering the courage to say the words.

"Byers..... stop playing dumb." He points his finger in the other boy's face. "Why would I be jealous of Nancy? Think about it."

Jonathan gulps. He knows what Steve means, but it's just too unbelievable. This smug asshole has been making his life a living Hell, and it was all because he secretly likes him? Steve Harrington is gay? And has a crush on Him of all people? It's insane.

"M-me..." Jonathan finds himself muttering out. "You... You're jealous of her because she gets close to me.." He spammers looking down to his shoes.

Steve squints his eyes shut for a moment, letting out a long sigh. His hands are trembling and his heart's beating out of his chest. He needs a moment to hone in his thoughts. They're scrambling through his mind and he can't concentrate.

The seemingly tough, rich douche, is actually terrified. He's known what he is for a while now, but has never acted on it.

With girls, it's so easy. He's always been a smooth talker. He's never

one to shy away, or get the yips. It's always been a piece of cake. With a boy - especially a boy that happens to be his arch enemy.....not so much.

Now's his chance to get it all out there. He can't blow it now.

Steve swipes the hair out of Jonathan's eyes, looking down at the meek and terrified looking teen, still feeling hesitant to make a move.

"Yes. You." He swallows thickly.

This has to be one of the craziest situations Jonathan has ever been in and that includes rescuing his little brother from an alternate dimension with demons from his brother's game. Compared to that, this should be nothing, but Jonathan would almost prefer The Upside Down.

He does feel overwhelmed when the other's fingers move to his face, sweeping hair out of his eyes. It's such a gentle gesture from hands that have done so much wrong. Breaking his cameras, breaking his face, now he's being gentle and the icy fire of the touch is almost a shock to his whole body.

"Me.." He whispers again. "C-cuz my family got the spotlight, because of my brother?" Jonathan asks, knowing that isn't the right answer. He suddenly feels lightheaded, and moves his hand to grip Steve's suit jacket.

As serious as this moment is, Steve can't help but snicker at the other's naivety. The kid just flat out refuses to see what's right in front of his face. Although Steve doesn't really blame him. He'd do the same thing if he were on the other end of this.

~When the summer's gone she'll be there, standing by the light. Once she's been to where she's gone to, she should know wrong from right. Is she feeling?~

"Byers....shut up." Steve chuckles, gently grabbing Jonathan by the chin. He leans in - slowly to give the other boy a chance to turn away if he chooses to, and presses his lips to Jonathan's.

He's not aggressive yet, just softly moving his mint chapstick coated

lips against the other boy's - testing the waters.

Jonathan knew he was about to be kissed, even before Steve began to lean in. He could've stopped it. The other boy gave him plenty of time to dodge it, but he didn't.

His eyes are wide open and his lips stiff as boards as the other lips move against his. Strangely enough, he only stays this way for a moment, then starts to loosen up for reasons he can't explain.

Jonathan's lips part ever so slightly, almost as if he's in a trance.

Steve smiles through the kiss when he feels the other boy reciprocate. His eager tongue leaves his mouth and pushes through Jonathan's lips, into the welcoming heat of the other's mouth.

His slick pink muscle wastes no time in meeting up with Jonathan's, washing over the other's tongue - so warm and wet.....delicious.

Lord knows the Stevemeister has kissed and bedded his fair share of girls, but there's something so different about kissing a boy. Emotionally as well as physically. It gives him butterflies. Something he hasn't felt in a while. Since he started having physical relationships.

Steve tastes like menthol cigarette with a hint of sweetness from his lip balm, and Jonathan has to admit, he's not exactly repulsed.

He let's the other take control, opening his lips even farther to give the other's tongue all the room it needs, battling his, but it's already clear that Steve's won.

Jonathan keeps his eyes closed until he's pulling back slowly for breath, trying to catch what he'd lost. "Holy shit." He mumbles, looking down to his shoes, almost afraid to look up because then he knows it'll be real.

Steve laughs at Jonathan's innocence. He's adorable. Like a little puppy.

He knows this is Jonathan's first kiss. He knew even before having kissed him. The yuppie, feels honored to be the first to taste the Byers boy's lips.

He places his forearm up on the stall door again, looming over the smaller boy. "Is that a good holy shit, or bad holy shit?" Steve chuckles lightly.

Jonathan simply looks up holding back a grin. "A good holy shit." Be replies meekly, barely able to look at Steve. This whole thing is so shocking, and he's not really sure what to say.

"You know.....I've kinda wanted to kiss you, when you bought me the new camera. I um, I didn't expect that. It was.. It was nice."

"Really?" Steve is genuinely shocked to hear this. He honestly thought Jonathan was completely straight, and he didn't have a shot in Hell.

A wide smirk crosses his chiseled face. He can't help how pleasantly surprised he feels. It makes him wish he'd made a move sooner.

"Really. Even though you broke my camera and got the girl, I realized in that moment, that maybe you weren't such an asshole." Jonathan smirks.

He's not really sure how or why, but his hands reach up, pulling Steve down by his suit jacket, and before he knows what's happening, his lips are touching the yuppie douche's once again. Only this time, it's at his prompting. Jonathan's never kissed anyone before, and he finds it quite enjoyable. He needed more.

Steve is shocked that the shyer boy is initiating the next move, but certainly isn't complaining. It doesn't take him long to close his eyes and embrace Jonathan. He opens his mouth, ready to receive the other boy's tongue, and just as the tip of their tongues touch again, the sound of a man whistling startles the two boys apart.

"Fuck." Steve mutters, biting his lip in frustration.

He gives the other boy an I'm sorry look, and bolts for the door, running straight into coach Derrileck, their gym teacher.

"Coach." Steve nods as he exits the bathroom, hoping to God, he gets to see Jonathan again soon. Alone that is.

Poor Jonathan's left standing there like a deer in headlights. His eyes are wide as saucers and he doesn't say a word to the other man. He just clears his throat and flashes a nervous smile, hoping and praying coach doesn't find this the least bit suspicious.

The middle aged man, just gives the boy a friendly nod and walks into a stall.

'Phew.' Jonathan gulps as he walks out of there.

He looks from left to right, down the hall to see if Steve's still lingering, but there's no sight of him. Much to Jonathan's disappointment.

Oh well. They do go to the same school, so another encounter is pretty much guaranteed.

Jonathan dreads and looks forward to it.

Author's Note:

Stay tuned for the smut ;)